

## The Evening World.

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## AN EXAMPLE FOR EMPLOYERS.

**B**IG corporations and business concerns employing thousands of workers can serve the nation in an immediate, practical way by putting before their employees:

- (1) A plain statement of the country's economic needs.
- (2) Suggestions as to how wage earners can help meet those needs.
- (3) Assurance that employers will co-operate in carrying out plans for conservation and increased productivity.

A few days ago Swift & Co. of Chicago issued a small circular which, in a few direct, personal words from President Louis F. Swift, suggested how every Swift & Co. worker, officer or employee, can materially aid the general cause by assisting and persuading his friends to assist in saving food and producing greater supplies of food.

The advice was in brief:

Take the market basket and pay cash—thereby saving the cost of telephone service, delivery and credits, to which American housekeepers have accustomed themselves at the expense of thrift.

Study food values as well as prices. More nourishing substitutes often cost less.

Avoid waste.

Increase production by more careful methods of cultivation, using clean and tested seed and studying proper drainage and fertilization.

All vacant land owned or rented by the company or its employees, the circular urges, should be utilized for garden crops.

Superintendents and foremen are directed to assure Swift & Co. employees who enlist for farm service that they may return to the company's employ when the harvest season is over.

Here is an intelligent, well-considered effort to make wage earners feel that in the present crisis wage payers are with them in earnest desire to perform duties and adjust burdens in a spirit of fairness and co-operation.

If more firms will study how to draw themselves and their employees together into efficient units for the conservation campaign, the country's economic war strength can be steadily increased.

If only the Russian revolution could produce a new Napoleon whose star should be Democracy and his conquests all for liberty, security and peace!

## WAR RELIEF.

**S**PEAKING at the dedication of the Red Cross memorial for the women of the Civil War, the President laid stress on the wisdom of letting American efforts to aid war suffering become too disconnected and dispersed.

"There will be many expressions of the spirit of sympathy and philanthropy, and I think that it is very necessary that we should not disperse our activities in those lines too much; that we should keep constantly in view the desire to have the utmost concentration and efficiency of effort, and I hope that most, if not all, of these philanthropic activities of this war may be exercised, if not through the Red Cross, then through some already constituted and experienced organization."

"This is no war for amateurs."

To the already countless and daily multiplying appeals sent out from all sides by war relief societies hastily organized under a hundred different names, we believe American generosity would respond more readily were it assured that what it gives goes directly—without needless paralleling of channels or deduction for expenses swelled by inexperienced management—into expert hands to be used where it will do most good.

American war aid ought to be like a funnel. Broad and undefined as may be the opening through which contributions pour into it, it ought to have a narrow end that everybody can see.

That is far from the present case. Many who would gladly give hesitate because they have no way of knowing how much of the dollar they put in comes out.

The newly appointed War Council in the Red Cross can do much to reassure the public in this direction, thereby quickening and deepening the currents of philanthropy.

We hope that American dentists will fix up the Kaiser's teeth so he can gnash 'em.

## Letters From the People

Prizes for Evening World Editorial.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorial in Friday's issue entitled "Why Buying is Checked," is extremely timely. The fact is as you describe it, and the underlying facts and their effect seem to be absolutely ignored by public officials, State legislators and in Washington.

Preaching economy now in the sense that it is preached is just as absurd as the advice not to curtail in buying.

The Bronx Citizens' Association at a meeting held on Friday evening listened to the reading with great interest of the article, and commended it as a courageous step toward enlightenment. You hit the nail on the head when you said:

"Until speculators, price-boosters and profiteers have been taken by the throat, general buying will itself continue to be strangled."

Take an illustration: If the average wage-earner, mechanic, clerk, book-keeper, small business man, or whatever he may be, pays twenty-five per cent. of his income for rent and pay, normally, fifty per cent. of his income for food supplies, gas, etc., he is left twenty-five per cent. where-with to buy clothes for himself, wife and children, and other incidental and necessary expenses. Now, if his food costs double, and he has the same amount and quality of food, then he has nothing left to spend otherwise. He will not be able to buy new clothes

for himself or his family. Even shoes for his children at \$4 a pair, if not more, will be a real domestic problem. It is not in the mere cost of food where lies all of the danger. It is the result otherwise, and if something is not done immediately outside of "inflation" and "talk" it will lead to business paralysis and a disastrous situation.

Why is the food gambler permitted to have his way? Why is it with the output of coal normal that there is now in the City of New York, to all intents and purposes, a coal famine?

This association has made a number of practical recommendations for relief for two months' past—one of them being that the city establish storage and sale warehouses, where food supplies could be taken directly from the cars and sold at auction in stated quantities for general distribution, relieving congestion at railroad terminals and inducing the farmer to deal direct with the city on a cash basis at a reasonable profit.

Space forbids the expansion of this idea, but I repeat, if something is not done to stop price-boosting of food and household supplies, general business must, of necessity, be paralyzed, and that means, to put it mildly, that people will be thrown out of work and that the landlord will feel the stringency as well as the tenant, and the present situation will be presented such as never existed before in this country.

JOSEPH P. HENNESSY,  
President Bronx Citizens' Association.

## A German War Hero!

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By J. H. Cassel



## Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

Different Salesmen for Different Commodities.

"DIFFERENT commodities demand different types of salesmen," said a sales manager.

"It is a mistake to suppose that because a man can sell some things he can sell everything. A man might sell cash registers successfully and be unable to sell bonds, and vice versa."

"Take our line, wholesale groceries. That requires a man who can go back over the same territory month after month and gradually build and hold patronage. Character and personality count for a great deal in work of this sort."

"In other lines where after the sale is once made no further business is expected, a quite different type might succeed better. I have seen successful output of coal normal that there is now in the City of New York, to all intents and purposes, a coal famine?"

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## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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R. JARR tiptoed lightly across the dimly lit room, intending to retire quietly on the Hindenburg line, as it were. But the Home Guard was awake.

"This is a fine time of night for you to come in!" cried the Home Guard, otherwise Mrs. Jarr.

"Well, you see, my dear, these are times when one can't always be a slacker," exclaimed Mr. Jarr. "We were forming a Patriotic Protection League. I was elected Grand Worthy Narrator."

Then he paused to see what effect this communique would have, also to wonder what he should grandly and worthily narrate.

"Oh, is that so?" asked Mrs. Jarr sarcastically. "Well, out with the rest of it! Being elected Grand Worthy What-you-may-call-it kept you away till nearly two in the morning. I see!"

It was later than that, so Mr. Jarr did not argue the point. "Yes," he said, "these are times that try men's souls."

"And times that try women's patience," interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "Well, go on!"

"It is to protect our homes, you know," began Mr. Jarr.

"No, I don't know!" interrupted Mrs. Jarr. "If you are so anxious to protect this home, why haven't you been here to protect it? We might have had a fire, we might have been robbed and murdered, and who would have been here then? Not you."

"No, it's fortunate that Gertrude has one beau who is a fireman and another beau who is a soldier. She doesn't get out of her kitchen to give

## To-Day's Anniversaries

COMET scares have been frequent since the dawn of history, but few of the celestial wanderers have caused more superstitious fears than the great comet of 1861, which was first observed at Sydney, Australia.

First six years ago to-day. By the latter part of June this comet became visible to observers in America and Europe, and it was predicted that the end of the earth was at hand.

On the last day of June a "phosphorescent auroral glare" caused some scientists to believe that the earth was in the midst of the comet's tail. The nucleus of the comet was about four hundred miles in diameter, with a long bushy appendage, and it was said to travel at a speed of 10,000,000 miles a day. In the following year about the same time observers in Athens, Marseille and Rome discovered another comet, similar in many respects to the comet of the year before.

me a hand with the rest of the household, but at least she is some real protection from fire or foreign foe. At least Claude, the fireman, is here to guard us from fire on his night off, and the soldier is here when he isn't at the army, drilling on every other night, but I would prefer you did your home defending on the premises. If Gertrude leaves when her month's up, as she threatens, neither the fireman nor the soldier will come around any more, I suppose."

"It will be all right, my dear," Mr. Jarr went on. "As soon as we are well organized we will be stationed in our own homes. 'Rangle was elected as High Jink'—"

"If that man Rangle has any part in it, that's the end of my interest and respect in the thing!" Mrs. Jarr declared.

"Ah, you mistake the title," said Mr. Jarr warily. "Rangle is High Jink. Not Jink. Jink in this sense is not plural, it is singular."

"I should say it was, very singular—in that your friend Rangle should get the title!" snapped Mrs. Jarr.

"Jink is singular," Mr. Jarr continued patiently. "It indicates earnest patriotism and watchfulness."

Gink, which you thought it was, is on the other hand, slang, and means 'simp' or 'boob' or 'jerk' or even 'gook'."

"I should say, the slang aside, they were all proper titles for that man Rangle," Mrs. Jarr declared. "Besides, I think it's very inconsiderate of you to stay out late at such times as these, and then come home and keep me awake!"

"America awake!" interrupted Mr. Jarr solemnly, for, as he didn't know how to further explain, he thought it best to fall back on patriotism, which is always unanswerable.

Mrs. Jarr snuffed but said nothing, and Mr. Jarr assumed the injured role.

"This is no time to question our motives for the flag!" he said solemnly. "The league is for home and country, every time!"

"Well," said Mrs. Jarr, "you never mind the country, but come home, and come home at a reasonable hour."

"Besides it's a beneficial order, oh very beneficial," Mr. Jarr insisted. But then, to his great relief, he perceived his good wife slumbered.

"You bet your boots it's beneficial," he whispered to himself. "I wonder how I come to think of patriotism as another word for pinhead?"

## Loss of His Famous Ring Worries Kaiser, Is Report

THE Brandenburg ring is missing, if reports may be believed. And Kaiser Wilhelm is greatly worried as a result, according to some of those who profess to know. For he is a thorough believer in the legend which connects the fate of the Hohenzollern dynasty with the famed ring. Several times in the past it is reported to have disappeared, and on each occasion misfortune has beset the House of Prussia.

It is said that Frederick the Great found the ring when he came to the throne, hidden in a strongly built case, with a memorandum written by his father, as follows:

"This ring was given to me by my father on his deathbed, with the reminder that so long as it was preserved in the House of Brandenburg, this would not only prosper, but would grow and prosper."

Frederick the Great carefully guarded the ring, and although professing to care for it merely as a heirloom, some of his intimates credited him with having full confidence in its occult powers.

The ring, of little value, consisting of a gold band with a dark colored stone mounted in it, was the object of several attempts at theft during Frederick's day. When he came to the Countess Lichtenau removed it from his hand. Frederick stirred uneasily, and said:

"He is asking for a perring," quickly said the Countess, and those about the monarch's bedside thought the request nothing more than the vagary of a dying man.

The loss of the ring, according to the legend, resulted in the disastrous defeat of Prussia by Napoleon. The Countess, mindful of the old monarch's belief, finally yielded the ring to Frederick Wilhelm in 1812, whereupon the tide of fortune turned.

When Kaiser Wilhelm came to the throne he inherited the ring along with other jewels, and is said to have become a passionate believer in the old superstition. He has paid heed to many prophecies concerning his reign, and one report affirms that he convinced himself the stone in the ring was the eye of a toad and therefore the sign of unflinching fortune.

Whatever the extent of Wilhelm's belief in the Brandenburg ring, German peasants are whispering the word around that it is missing. Until the ring is found again, they say, only disaster can befall Prussian arms. In its disappearance they see cause for all recent reverses.

## What All Men Experience

By Helen Rowland

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**S**OMETIMES I think there is nothing quite so funny—or so pathetic—as a man in the throes of the "love-panic!"

No woman can KNOW what he suffers!

Because love never comes to a woman like a blow in the dark.

It just "comes natural," like the taste for ice-cream soda.

But a man is always so confidently sure that he never CAN, and never will be quite so foolish as to fall in love.

That he simply won't believe it when it happens to him!

And he is as shocked and incredulous and hurt and indignant.

As he would be if he had stepped into an open cellar door without seeing it.

One minute he is seized with a wild determination to flee from the woman's sight, forever—

And the next he is trembling with cold fright, for fear she may escape! One minute he suspects that she is a Deilah, bent on "ropeing him in," and marrying him against his will—

And the next he is wondering miserably if he can ever persuade such a combination of all the virtues and charms to HAVE a poor worm like him!

In the morning he goes down to the office with his mind made up firmly and unalterably never, never to see her again—

And by afternoon he is racking his brain for some plausible excuse for telephoning her, or inviting her to luncheon.

Instead of waiting until evening.

One day he shudders at the mere thought of being "TIED," and assures himself emphatically that he is NOT "a marrying man," and can't afford to marry, and won't marry—and all that—

And the next day he is dreaming of bungalows-for-two and darned socks, and pricing dining-room furniture.

And pitying himself bitterly for living the useless life of a lonely old misogynist!

And the harder he struggles to keep his balance—the harder he falls. He teeters desperately between the fever of enthusiasm and the chills of caution.

Between a burning head and "cold feet."

Between glowing exhilaration and deadly depression.

Between wild joy and black despair.

And dwells miserably day and night in a state of continuous, unreasoning, trembling, fright!

And, all the time, he desperately assures himself that he is NOT in love.

And that is just an attack of spring fever.

And that what he needs is not a wife, but a DOCTOR!

And, meanwhile, he can think of nothing on earth but the way her mouth dimples at the corners, and the way her hair curls around her ears.

He cannot eat, he cannot sleep, he cannot work, he cannot THINK—

Until all of a sudden, and without the slightest warning or intention or any reason on earth,

He finds himself engaged to be MARRIED!

And the War in his soul has ended

In a "Temporary Peace!"

And the "love-panic" is over!

Yet we wonder why men use so little common sense in choosing a wife.

HE unfortunate Belgians have had many masters.

And the lyric expression of their national spirit is a song of defiance against an old oppressor, King William of the Netherlands.

lands, whose reign over them came to an abrupt end in the revolution of 1830. After a tenure of just fifteen years the Dutch were compelled to relinquish their hold upon the country and Belgium became an independent kingdom.

Insurrection broke out in Brussels. A young French actor named Jeneval was playing there at the time. He harkened to the cries of the rebel forces and joined eagerly in the plan to win freedom.

Jeneval was a man of considerable poetic gift. He felt the need of some rallying call that would rouse the country, as yet scarcely awake to the rebellion. So he determined to write a song. His effort brought forth lines which were to stir every Belgian heart. Their appeal rings true after almost a century.

Who would have thought the arbitrary and whimsical desire would bring forth a rallying cry, with slogans in its course. The words, of Belgian origin, shall be: No more with usmen, shall and shall be. The speaker's shattered the orange from the tree of liberty.

Jeneval besought the help of his friend Francois van Campenhout, an orchestra leader and composer of several operas, who wrote the music for the new song. It was called "La Brabanconne," or "The Song of the Brabantines," after the name of an ancient province whose sons were famed for valor.

No sooner had La Brabanconne been sung in Brussels than it swept through the country. Soon the Dutch heard it to their cost, and victory, which at last had inclined to them, perched on the standards of the Belgians.

Young Jeneval, after with patriotism for the land which he had come to reclaim, joined the Belgians with ardor. In the sixteenth century the prize was almost won he fell in battle near Antwerp. Van Campenhout, the composer, lived for many years and Charles V. and his son, Philip II. a prosperous state. He was the teacher of several noted tenors and enjoyed a high reputation.

attack on Belgium they were met by the proud strains of "La Brabanconne," which has continued to ring through almost three years of war as the world stands for more than a century it formed part of the Kingdom of Spain, seized by conquest and held by force of might. Men were thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition. The Church of Rome preached the only true doctrine. Many of the Belgians turned to the new religion. Spain, more the torch of the Holy Roman Empire, terrible reprisals for this spiritual awakening. The burning of heretics was an almost daily event under Charles V. and his son, Philip II.

Belgium passed into the hands of Austria in 1713, meeting the common fate of small nations that have fallen under the sway of the Hapsburgs. In 1797 the country was taken from Austria by France and was added to the territory of Holland on the downfall of Napoleon in 1814. The uprising of 1830 brought it the freedom for which its people have so bravely fought the German menace. No song in the world stands for more than "La Brabanconne," the song of Belgium.

competence of many composers in setting it to music. They seem to think in terms of singing, not to study the nature rhythm of the language. When they do, the problems of singing in English vanish like mist before the sun."

DIFFERENT.

"I HOPE you don't associate with that man I saw you speak to in the street just now?"

"Associate with him? What do you take me for? That man, straggling, underhanded, low-down villainous and depraved scoundrel that ever kept out of jail!"

"I know it. But why are you on speaking terms with him at all?"

"Why, I'm—er—his lawyer."—Chicago News.

Composers Blamed for Singers' Bad English